SYNOPSIS. -2-

Adels la Chesnayne, a belle of Ne a bouse. Cassion, the commissaire.
ediated hor Uncle Chevet's aid
inst La Salle D'Artigny La Salle's
ind, offers his services as guide to Casals party on the journey to the wildors. The uncle informs Adele that he
batrothed her.

ФФФФФИНЕСТО An orphaned girl of seventeen pledged against her will by a coarse male relative to marry a man she loathes, needs a good and strong friend at this time more than anything else in the world. To whom can she turn for friendship when she has but two acquaintances? - young Sleur Rene d'Artigny, frontiers man and gentleman of France, and Sister Celeste at the convent. How Adele met her problem is told in this installment.

and state the factor of the property of the party CHAPTER II.-Continued.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Ob: you're sweet enough with words. I have beard you before, and found you a sty minx-when my back was turned-but this time it is not I nlone who will watch your actions, I have pledged you a husband."

I got to my feet, staring at him, the indignant words stifled in my throat. He laughed coarsely, and resumed his ment.

"A husband, monsieur? You have pledged me?"

"As | why not? You are 17, and 'tis my place to see you well settled." But I have no wish to marry, mon-

sieur," I protested. "There is no man for whom I care." He shrugged his shoulders indiffer-

ently, and taughed. "Pools! If I waited for that no doubt you would pick out some cockerel without as much as a spur to his heel. "Tis my choice, not yours, for I know

the world, and the man you need. Monsieer Cassion has asked me to favor him, and I think well of it." "Cassion! Surely you would not wed me to that creature?" He pushed back his chair, regarding

me with scowling eyes. "And where is there a better? Sacre do you think yourself a queen to 'Tis rare luck you have such an offer. Monsieur Cassion is going to be a great man in this New France; nirendy he has the governor's ear, and a commission, with a tidy sum to his credit in Quebec. What more could

any girl desire in a husband?" But, monsieur, I do not love him; I do not trust the man."

"Pate" He burst into a laugh, rising from the table. Before I could draw back he had gripped me by the "Enough of that, young lady. He is my choice, and that settles it. Lovel who ever heard of love nowadays? Ah, I see, you dream already of the young gallant D'Artigny. Well, little good that will do you. Why what is he? a more ragged adventurer, without a sou to his name, a prowling wolf of the forest, the follower of a discredited fur thief. But enough of this; I have told you my will, and you obey. Tomorrow we go to Quebec to the governor's bull, and when Mon-



Do You Think Yourself a Queen to Choose?'

sleur Cassion returns from his mission you will marry him-you under-stand?"

The lears were in my eyes, blotting | worthy." out his threatening face, yet there was naught to do but answer.

'And this D'Artigny; if the fellow ever dares come near you again I'll do not know why, but he seems to be crush his white throat between my like a snake, and I cannot bear his

Yes, monsiour."

all There said. You have never found and compels him to sell me as though me full of idle threats I warrant."

No. monsieur. I drew my arm from his grasp, feel- let me see this Sieur d'Artigny that ing it tingle with pain where his fin- I may tell him all, and beseech his gers had crushed the flesh, and crept aid." up the narrow stairs, glad enough to get away and be alone. I had never is the boy to you?" loved Chevet, but he had taught me to fear him, for more than once had I experienced his brutality and physitel, an incumbrance. He had assumed to a maid like me. It will be joy for charge of me because the law so or-dained, but I had found nothing in All I ask is that I be permitted to tell "If so the angular must judge," he tal and lack of knowledge of gardenhis nature on which I could rely for him my story."

answered stoutly "As for me, I am ing or farming. These lacks the two sympathy. I was his sister's child. Celeste sat silent, her white hands very glad you do me this honor. I bills in the legislature would seek to

To his mind he did well by me in thus finding me a husband. I sank on my knees, and hid my face, shuddering at the thought of the sacrifice demanded. Cassion! never before had the man appeared so despicable. Yet what could I do? It was useless to appeal to Chevet, and the governor, La Barre, would give small heed to a girl objecting to one of his henchmen D'Artigny! The name was on my lips before I realized I had spoken it, and brought a throb of hope. I arose to my feet, and stared out of the window into the dark night. My pulses throbbed. If he cared; if I only knew

he cared, I would fly with him any

where, into the wilderness depths, to

escape Cassion. But how could I reach him with my tale? There was but one opportunity -the governor's ball. He would be there; he had said so, laughingly glancing toward me as he spoke the words, the flash of his eyes a challenge. But it would be difficult. Chevet, Cassion, not for a moment would they take eyes from me, and if I failed to treat him coldly an open quarrel must result. Chevet would be glad of an excuse, and Cassion's jealousy would spur him on. Yet I must try, and, in truth, I trusted not so much in Monsieur d'Artigny's interest in me, as in his reckless love of adventure. Twould please him to play in audaclous trick on La Salle's enemies, and make Cassion the butt of laughter.

CHAPTER III.

I Appeal for Aid.

It had been two years since I was at Quebec, and it was with new eyes of appreciation that I watched the great bristling cliffs as our boat glided silently past the shore and headed in toward the landing. Cassion met us, attired so garly in rich vestments that I scarcely recognized the man, whom I had always seen before in dull forest garb, yet I permitted him to take my hand and assist me gallantly to the shore. It was evidently gala day, for flags and streamers were flying from every window of the lower town, and the narrow, crooked streets were filled with wanderers having no apparent business but enjoyment. Never had I viewed so motly a throng, and I could but gaze about with wide opened eyes on the strange passing figures.

It was all of such interest I was glad enough to be finally rid of him, and be greeted so kindly by Sister

"Three years have changed you greatly, my child," she said gently, touching my cheeks with her soft hands; "but bright as your eyes are, it is not all pleasure I see in them. You must tell me of your life. The older man, I take it, was your uncle, Monsieur Chevet."

"Yes," I answered, but hesitated to

"He is much as I had pictured him, bear of the woods "

"He is rough," I protested, "for his life has been hard, yet has given me no reason to complain. 'Tis because the life is lonely that I grow old." "No doubt, and the younger gallant?

He is not of the forest school?" "'Twas Monsieur Cassion, commis

saire for the governor." "Ah! 'tis through him you have in-

vitation to the great ball." I bowed my head, wondering at the and questioning in the sister's eyes. Could she have heard the truth? Perchance she might tell me something of the man.

"He has been selected by Monsleur "hevet as my husband," I explained doubtfully. "Know you aught of the man, sister?"

Her hand closed gently on mine. "No, only that he has been chosen by La Barre to carry special message to the Chevalier de Baugis in the Illinois country. He hath an evil, sneering face, and an insolent manner, even as described to me by the Sieur d'Ar-

I caught my breath quickly, and my hand grasp tightened.

"The Sleur d'Artigny!" I echoed startled into revealing the truth. "He has been here? has talked with you?" "Surely, my dear girl. He was here with La Saile before his chief sailed for France, and yesterday he came again, and questioned me."

"Questioned you?" "Yes; he sought knowledge of you and of why you were in the household of Chevet. I liked the young man, and told him all I knew, of your father's death and the decree of the court, and of how Chevet compelled you to leave the convent. I felt him to be honest and true, and that his purpose was

"Sister, you must bear me," I said. "I have no mother, no friend even to whom to appeal; I am just a girl all alone. I despise this man Cassion; I presence. I would rather die than marry him. I do not think Chevet To your room then, and think over trusts him, either, but he has some hold I was a slave in the market. I am to be made to marry him. I pray you

"But why D'Artigny, my girl? What

"Nothing-absolutely nothing." confessed frankly. "We have scarcely spoken together, but he is a gallant cal power. To him I was but a chat- of true heart; he will never refuse aid

walf. More, he was honest about it. | window. It was so still I could hear | mademoiselle, for I stand between yo my own quick breathing. At last she spoke, her voice still soft and kindly.

"I have no power, child, but I will speak with the mother superior, and repeat to her all I have learned. It shall be as she wills. Wait here, and you may trust me to plead for you." She seemed to fade from the room and I glauced about, seeing no change since I was there before-the same bare walls and floor, the rude settee,



Her Hand Closed Gently on Mine.

the crucifix above the door, and the one partially open window, set deep in the stone wall.

Soon I was dimly aware that some one had entered the apartment. It was the mother superior, looking smaller than ever in the gloom, and behind her, framed in the narrow doorway, his eyes smiling as though in enjoyment of my confusion, stood D'Artigny. I climbed down from the ench, feeling my cheeks burn hotly, and made obesiance. The mother's soft hand rested on my hair, and there was silence, so deep I heard the pound ing of my heart.

"Child," said the mother, her voice low but clear. "Rise that I may see your face. Ah! it has not so greatly changed in the years, save that the eyes hold knowledge of sorrow. Sister Celeste hath told me your story, and if it be sin for me to grant your request then must I abide the penance for it is in my heart to do so. Until I send the sister you may speak alone with Monsleur d'Artigny.'

She drew slightly aside, and the young man bowed low, hat in hand, from the window on his face.

"At your command, mademoiselle," he said quietly. "The mother tells me you have need of my services. This Hugo Chevet-he is a brute. I knowis his abuse beyond endurance?"

"No. no." I hastened to explain, "In his way he is not unkind. The truth is he has lived so long in the woods alone, he scarcely speaks. He-he would marry me to Monsieur Cassion." Never will I forget the look of sheer

delight on his face as these words burst from me. His hand struck the bench, and he tossed back the long hair from his forehead, his eyes merry with enjoyment.

"Ah, good! By all the saints, 'tis even as I hoped. Then have no fear of my sympathy, mademoiselle. Nothing could please me like a clash with that perfumed gallant. He doth persecute you with his wooing?"

"He has not spoken, save to Chevet: yet it is seemingly all arranged with out my being approached."

"No doubt they are hand in glove in the fur trade, and the commissaire has La Barre's ear just now. He rode by yonder in the carriage a momen since, and you might think from his bows he was the governor. And this marriage? when does it take place?" "On monsieur's safe return from the

great West." The smile came back to his face. "Not so bad that, for 'tis a long journey, and might be delayed. I travel with him, you know, and we depart at daybreak. What else did

this Chevet have to say?" "Only a threat that if ever you came near me again his fingers would feel your throat, monsieur. He spoke of hate between himself and your father."

The eyes upon mine lost their tolerant smile, and grew darker, and I marked the fingers of his hand clinch.

"That was like enough, for my father was little averse to a quarrel, threatened me! I am not of the blood, groups mademoiselle, to take such things lightly. Yet wait—why came you to me with such a tale? Have you no friends?" "None, monsieur," I answered grave-

ly, and regretfully, "other than the nuns to whom I went to school, and they are useless in such a case," He walked across the room, once

I watched him, half frightened lest had angered him. "Have I done very wrong, mon-

He must have perceived my perplex-

yet no more to him than some Indian clasped, her eyes on the stained glass but seek the best plan of service, supply.



and this sacrifice with much pleasure. You shall not marry Cassion while I wear a sword."

"But not violence, monsieur!"

"Planning and scheming is not my way, nor am I good at it. A soldier of La Salle needs more to understand action, and the D'Artigny breed has ever had faith in steel. I seek no quarrel, yet if occasion arise this messenger of La Barre will find me quite ready. I know not what may occur. Mademoiselle; I merely pledge you my word of honor that Cassion will no longer seek your hand. The method

you must trust to me." Our eyes met, and his were kind and smiling, with a confidence in their depths that strangely heartened me. Before I realized the action I had given him my hand.

"I do, monsieur, and question no more, though I pray for peace between you. Our time is up, sister?"
"Yes, my child," she stood in the

loorway, appearing like some saintly "The mother sent me." D'Artigny released my hand and and tonight?"

bowed low. "I still rely upon your attendance at your excellency, but I have not seen the ball?" he asked, lingering at the him since."

"Yes, monsieur."

"And may bespeak a dance?" "I cannot say no, although it may ost you dear."

He laughed gayly, his eyes bright ith merriment. "Faith! most pleasures do I find; the

world would be dull enough otherwise. I'll then, mademoiselle, adieu." We heard his quick step ring on the tone of the passage, and Celeste

smiled, her hand on mine. "A lad of spirit that. The Sleur de la Salle picks his followers well, and knows loyal hearts. The D'Artignys

"You know of them, sister?" "I knew his father," she answered, half ashamed already of her impulse, "a gallant man. But come, the mothe would have you visit her."

CHAPTER IV.

In the Palace of the Intendant.

The huge palace of the intendant, between the bluff and the river, was ablaze with lights, and already crowded with guests at our arrival. I had seen nothing of Chevet since the morning, nor did he appear now; but Monsieur Cassion was prompt enough, and congratulated me on my appearance with bows, and words of praise which made me flush with embarrassment.

An officer met us, pointing out the way, and, after he had assisted us to descend from the chair, we advanced slowly over a carpet of clean straw toward the gayly lighted entrance. Soldiers lined the walls on either side, and overhead blazed a beacon suspended on a chain. It was a scene rather grotesque and weird in the red glow, and I took Cassion's arm gladly, feeling just a little frightened by the strange surroundings.

"Where is my Uncle Chevet?" I asked, more as a relief, than because I cared, although I was giad of his absence because of D'Artigny.

"In faith, I know not," he answered lightly. "I won him a card, but he was scarce gracious about it. In some wine shop likely with others of his kind."

There were servants at the door and an officer, who scanned the cards of those in advance of us, yet passed Cassion, with a glance at his face, and word of recognition. I observed him turn and stare after me, for our eyes trick." met, but, almost before I knew what had occurred, I found myself in a side room, with a maid helping to remove my wraps, and arrange my hair.

I will not describe the scene in the great ballroom, for now, as I write, the brilliant pageant is but a dim memory, confused and tantalizing. I recall the bright lights overhead, and along the walls, the festooned banners, the raised dais at one end, carpeted with skins of wild animals, where the governor stood, the walls covered with arms and trophies of the chase, the guard of soldiers at each entrance, and

TO RELIEVE CITY CONGESTION

Massachusetts Legislature Considers Measures Encouraging "Back-tothe-Land" Movement.

Two unusual measures have been under consideration by the legislature of Massachusetts. One provides for an appropriation for homesteads or small houses with plots of ground for quire land for the purpose of teaching agriculture to its inhabitants, includalthough he seidom made boast of it agriculture to its inhabitants, includatterwards. And so this Hugo Chevet ing schoolchildren, adults and family

"back-to-the-land" movement and to resporsored by the Massachusetts homethere is a strong disposition among persons in congested city districts to escape from these to pleasanter and twice, his head bent in thought, and more healthful surroundings. The commission, in fact, made a canvass of 500 typical tenement families. It dis covered that no fewer than 168 families, with 896 children, were anxious Me stopped, his eyes on my face, to move to suburban surroundings ity, for he smiled again, and pressed till the soil. The chief difficulties in

In support of the measures it is remarked that success has attained similar efforts in some European countres, in Australian states and some South American countries.

Dark Man, Stern of Face

they tell me, and loyal to his master.

'Tis like he may resist my orders, and

De Baugis hath but a handful with

which to uphold authority. I am not

sure I approve of your selecting this

lad D'Artigny as a guide; he may play

"Small chance he'll have for any

Psychologists-scientists of the

human mind-say that the big

emotions are born and devel-

oped in one's unconscious mind

and gradually are ushered into

the conscious mind: for in-

stance, that you may be in love

long before you are actually aware of the fact. What about

CTO BE CONTINUED.

D'Artigny and Adele?

you false."

Hippocras-the Liquor. That Pepys should have drunk hippocras at the Guildhall in 1663 without knowing that it was an intoxicant is somewhat remarkable. For this mechanics, laborers and other persons aromatic cordial, which originally was in the suburbs of cities and towns. The supposed to be mingled according to other bill authorizes any city to ac- the recipe of Hippocrates, was imported here in Saxon times, and remained a popular liquor for centuries. It bore a close affinity to piment, which in the year \$17 was forbidden to the The bills are really complementary, clergy, except on special occasions, Their purpose is to encourage the by the council of Aix-la-Chapelle. In Elizabeth's time hippocras was usuallieve congested districts. They are ly served at the beginning of a banquet, being "of so comforting a nature stend commission, which believes that that the stomach would be at once put into good temper." Apparently it had an opposite effect on Pepys.—London Chronicle.

Good Japanese Custom Polite Japanese never have the grip because they commit "iki wo hiki," that is drawing in their breath sharply, a salutary custom which one docwhere they could have a garden and tor has declared incomparable as a means of grip prevention, the idea he their way, of course, are lack of capi- ing that Japanese are careful as to where and on whom they breathe and so keep the percentage of germ distribution at a rather respectable low figure.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

the mass of people grouped about the

ity to certain officials whom he knew.

It was thus we approached the dais,

and awaited our turn to extend felici-

tations to the governor. Just before

us was Du L'Hut, whose name Cas-

sion whispered in my ear, a tall, sien-

der man, attired as a courier du bois, with long fair hair sweeping his shoul-

ders. I had heard of him as a daring

explorer, but there was no premonition

that he would ever again come into

my life, and I was more deeply inter-

ested in the appearance of La Barre.

and with strange, furtive eyes, con-

cealed behind long lashes and over-

hanging brows. Yet he was most gra-

clous to Du L'Hut, and when he turned

and perceived Monsieur Cassion next

at last, and ever welcome. And this,"

he bowed low before me in excess of

gallantry, "no doubt will be the Made-

noiselle la Chesnayne of whose charms

I have heard so much of late. By my

faith. Cassion, even your eloquence

hath done small justice to the lady.

Where, mademoiselle, have you hidden

"I have lived with my uncle, Hugo

"Ah, yes; I recall the circumstances

now-a rough, yet loyal trader. He

was with me once on the Ottawa-

"He accompanied me to the city,

"Small need, with Francois at your

beck and call," and he patted me playfully on the cheek. "I have al-

ready tested his faithfulness. Your

"Captain Pierre la Chesnayne, sir,"

"Ah, yes; I knew him well; he fell

on the Richelieu: a fine soldier." He

turned toward Cassion, the expression

"That is well; see to it that no time

s lost on the journey. I have it in

my mind that De Baugis may need

you, for, from all I hear Henri de

l'onty is not an easy man to handle."

"Ay! the lieutenant Sieur de la Salle

left in charge at St. Louis; an Italian

father, mademoiselle?"

of his face changed.

"De Tonty?"

"At daybreak, sir."

"You depart tonight?"

cordially.

Quebec?"

"hevet."

He was a dark man, stern of face,

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chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the wall
known tonic properties of QUININE and
IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out
Malaris, Enriches the Blood and Builds
we the Whole Seaton. So copts. Many a name reached my cars fanous in those days, but forgotten long since; and once or twice, as we slowly made our way through the throng, Cassion pointed out to me some character of importance in the province, up the Whole System. 50 cents. or paused to present me with formal-

A railroad is projected to reach the top of Scotland's highest mountain, Ben Nevis.

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in line, smiled and extended his hand Probably a sympathetic tear comes as near being a panacea for all fem-"Ah, Francois, and so you are here inine troubles as anything on the mar-

> THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray bairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Many a man is so public spirited that he tries to mind everybody's busiyourself, to remain unknown to us of ness except his own.

> Musical annaratus within the han dle of a new fan plays as the fan is waved.

A Distinction.

"Do you read all the war news Jibway? "No, indeed."

"Don't you care about keeping up with the bloody struggle in Europe?" "Of course I do. What I meant was that I merely read all the war news printed in the papers."

Preposterous Notion.

"A man with your responsibilities cught not to spend an afternoon at the baseball park without making some arrangements so you can be communicated with when there is an important deal on foot."

"And perhaps be interrupted just when one of our players knocks a three-bagger and ties the same?" replied the ardent fan. "I wouldn't think of taking a chance like that."

Why Not? "Why did you strike this man?" asked the judge sternly.

"He called me a liar, your honor, replied the accused, "Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the mussed-up

"Sure it's true," said the accuser. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant. "It's got nothing to do with the case, your honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar I guess I've

KEEP YOUNG

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PLEASED THE WOODPECKER

Bird Takes Kindly to Tin Barricade Erected Against Its Peckings. Mrs. John Pozer of Main street, Newton, N. J., feared that a fine shade tree on her lawn would be killed by a

woodpecker that appeared there every day and pecked away at a hole which he was making larger and larger. Therefore she had her husband tack a sheet of tin over the hole when the bird was absent. Refusing to be discouraged and pre-

tending he does not know the difference, the woodpecker now goes to the tree every day and pecks away like a trip hammer on the tin sheet. The neighbors are nearly crazy with the noise, and there is a law against killing woodpeckers.

Nothing to Lose.

"I suppose you are planning to go a Europe, like everybody else, after the war is over?" "Well, no. I haven't made any such

announcement to my friends." "Why don't you. It won't cost you any more than it will two-thirds of the other people who say they are going to Europe after the war is over."

Men are probably more forgetful than women because they haven't so got a right to be sensitive about it, much gossip to keep them in practice.



The Delight of Children

The self-developed, inner-flavour of New Post Toasties bear a unique attraction for the kiddiesthey even like them dry from the package for their lunches. A box of Toasties provides "eats" that will delight the children.

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